

PEOPLE WHO  
AREN'T BOMBPROOF  
SHOULDN'T  
THROW BOMBS.  
MOVIE OF FLIGHT.

IT'S THAT GUY FER  
FIRIN' ME I'LL BLOW UP  
THE WORKS -

THERE  
NOW

I DON'T WANT  
THAT THING

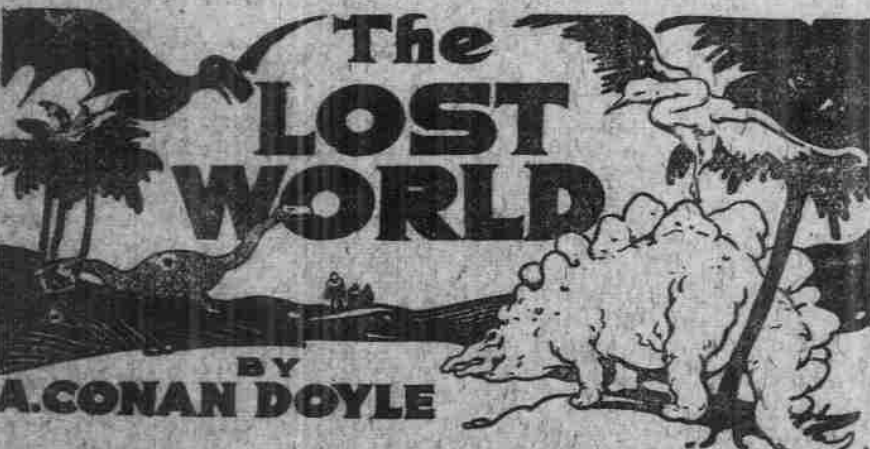
HOW DID  
YOU GET  
IN?

I JUST  
BLEW IN

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(Continued.)

"Well, Mr. Malone," he said at last, "about this scientific meeting tonight. There can be no privacy about that, anyhow. I don't suppose any paper will want to report it. For Waldron has been reported already a dozen times, and no one is aware that Challenger will speak. We may get a scoop if we are lucky. You'll be there in any case, so you'll just give us a pretty full report. I'll keep space up to midnight."

When I met Tarp Henry at the Savoy club he was skeptical in the extreme, but he promised to come to the meeting.

When we arrived at the hall I found a much greater concourse than I had expected. A line of electric broughams discharged their little carriages of white bearded professors, while the dark stream of humbler pedestrians who crowded through the arched doorway showed that the audience would be popular as well as scientific. Indeed, it became evident to us as soon as we had taken our seats that a youthful and even boyish spirit was abroad in the gallery and the back



"We can't have this reign of terror, Mr. Malone."

portions of the hall. Looking behind me, I could see rows of faces of the familiar medical student type. Apparently the great hospitals had each sent down their contingents. There was a great demonstration on the entrance of Professor Challenger when he passed down to take his place at the extreme end of the front row of the platform. Such a yell of welcome broke forth when his black beard first protruded round the corner that I began to suspect Tarp Henry was right in his surmise that that black beard and white hair were there not merely for the sake of the lecture, but because it had got rumored abroad that the famous professor would take part in the proceedings.

There was some sympathetic laughter on his entrance among the front benches of well-dressed spectators as though the demonstration of the students in this instance was not unwelcome to them. That greeting was indeed a frightful outburst of sound, the uproar of the carnivora cage when the step of the bucket-bearing keeper is heard in the distance. There was an offensive tone in it, perhaps, and yet in the main it struck me as mere riotous outcry, the noisy reception of one who amused and interested them, rather than of one they disliked or despised. Challenger smiled with weary and tolerant composure, as a kindly man would meet the yapping of a litter of puppies. He sat slowly down, blew out his chest, passed his hand caressingly down his beard and looked with drooping eyelids and supercilious eyes at the crowded hall before him. The uproar of his advent had not yet died away when Professor Ronald Murray, the chairman, and Mr. Waldron, the lecturer, took their way to the front and the proceedings began.

Professor Murray will, I am sure, excuse me if I say that he has the common fault of most Englishmen of being inaudible. Why on earth people who have something to say which is worth hearing should not take the slight trouble to learn how to make it heard is one of the strange mysteries of modern life. Their methods are as reasonable as to try to pour some precious stuff from the spring to the reservoir through a nonconducting pipe, which could by the least effort be opened. Professor Murray made several profound remarks to his white tie and to the water-carafe upon the table, with a humorous, twinkling aside to the silver candlestick upon his right. Then he sat down, and Mr. Waldron, the famous popular lecturer, rose amid a general murmur of applause. He was a stern, stout man, with a harsh voice and an aggressive manner, but he had the merit of knowing how to assimilate

late the ideas of other men and to pass them on in a way which was intelligible and even interesting to the lay public, with a happy knack of being funny about the most unlikely objects, so that the precession of the equinox or the foundation of a vertebrate became a highly humorous process as treated by him.

It was a birdseye view of creation, as interpreted by science, which, in language always clear and sometimes picturesque, he unfolded before us. He told us of the globe, a huge mass of flaming gas flaring through the heavens. Then he pictured the solidification, the cooling, the wrinkling which formed the mountains, the steam which turned to water, the slow preparation of the stage upon which was to be played the inexplicable drama of life. On the origin of life itself he was discreetly vague. That the germ of it could hardly have survived the original roasting was, he declared, fairly certain. Therefore it had come later. Had it built itself out of the cooling, inorganic elements of the globe? Very likely. Had the germs of it arrived from outside upon a meteor? It was hardly conceivable. On the whole, the wisest man was the least dogmatic upon the point. We could not, or at least we had not succeeded up to date in making organic life in our laboratories out of inorganic materials. The rift between the dead and the living was something which the chemist could not as yet bridge. But there was a higher and subtler chemistry of nature, which, working with great forces over long epochs, might well produce results which were impossible for us. There the matter must be left.

"Question!" boomed a voice from the platform.

Mr. Waldron was a strict disciplinarian with a gift of acid humor, as had been exemplified on many and varied occasions, which made it perilous to interrupt him. But this interruption appeared to him so absurd that he was at a loss how to deal with it. So looks the Shakespearean who is confronted by a rancid Baconian or the astronomer who is assailed by a flat earth fanatic. He paused for a moment and then, raising his voice, repeated slowly the last words of his speech.

"Question!" boomed the voice once more.

Waldron looked with amazement along the line of professors upon the platform until his eyes fell upon the figure of Challenger, who leaned back in his chair with closed eyes and an amused expression, as if he were smiling in his sleep.

"I see," said Waldron, with a shrug. "It is my friend Professor Challenger."

and amid laughter he resumed his lecture as if this was a final explanation and no more need be said.

But the incident was far from being closed. Whatever path the lecturer took amid the wilds of the past seemed invariably to lead him to some assertion as to extinct or prehistoric life which instantly brought the same bulls' bellow from the professor. The audience began to anticipate it and to tear with delight when it came. The packed benches of students joined in, and every time Challenger's beard opened, before any sound could come forth, there was a yell of "Question!" from a hundred voices and an answering counter cry of "Order!" and "Shame!" from as many more. Waldron, though a hardened lecturer and a strong man, became rattled. He hesitated, stammered, repeated himself, got marred in a long sentence and finally turned furiously upon the cause of his troubles.

"This is really intolerable!" he cried, glaring across the platform. "I must ask you, Professor Challenger, to cease these ignorant and unmannerly interruptions."

There was a hush over the hall, the students rigid with delight at seeing the high gods on Olympus quarreling among themselves. Challenger levered his bulky figure slowly out of his chair. "I must in turn ask you, Mr. Waldron," he said, "to cease to make assertions which are not in strict accordance with scientific fact."

The words unlocked a tempest. "Shame! Shame!" "Give him a hearing!" "Put him out!" "Shove him off the platform!" "Fair play!" emerged

from a general roar of amusement or execration. The chairman was on his feet flapping both his hands and bleating excitedly. "Professor Challenger—personal—views—later," were the soft peaks above his clouds of inaudible mutter. The interrupter bowed, smiled, stroked his beard and relaxed into his chair. Waldron, very flushed and warlike, continued his observations. Now and then as he made an assertion he

shot a venomous glance at his opponent, who seemed to be slumbering deeply, with the same broad, happy smile upon his face.

At last the lecture came to an end. I am inclined to think that it was a premature one, as the peroration was hurried and disconnected. The thread of the argument had been rudely pulled, and the audience was restless and expectant. Waldron sat down, and after a chirrup from the chairman Professor Challenger rose and advanced to the edge of the platform. In the interests of my paper I took down his speech verbatim.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began amid a sustained interruption from the back. "I beg pardon—ladies, gentlemen and children. I must apologize. I had inadvertently omitted a considerable section of this audience." (Tumult, during which the professor stood with one hand raised and his enormous head nodding sympathetically as if he were bestowing a pontifical blessing upon the crowd.) "I have been selected to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Waldron for the very picturesque and imaginative address to which we have just listened. There are points in it with which I disagree, and it has been my duty to indicate them as they arose, but none the less Mr. Waldron has accomplished his object well, that object being to give a simple and interesting account of what he conceives to have been the history of our planet. Popular lectures are the easiest to listen to, but Mr. Waldron (here he beamed and blinked at the lecturer) will excuse me when I say that they are necessarily both superficial and misleading since they have to be graded to the comprehension of an ignorant audience." (Ironical cheering.) "Popular lectures are in their nature parasitic." (Angry gesture of protest from Mr. Waldron.) "They exploit for fame or cash the work which has been done by their indigent and unknown brethren. One smallest new fact obtained in the laboratory, one brick built into the temple of science, far outweighs any second-hand exposition which passes an idle hour, but can leave no useful result behind it. I put forward this obvious reflection, not out of any desire to disparage Mr. Waldron in particular, but that you may not lose your sense of proportion and mistake the acolyte for the high priest." (At this point Mr. Waldron whispered to the chairman, who half rose and said something severely to his water-carafe.) "But enough of this!" (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

"Let me pass to some subject of wider interest. What is the particular point upon which I, as an original investigator, have challenged our lecturer's accuracy? It is upon the permanence of certain types of animal life upon the earth. I do not speak upon this subject as an amateur nor, I may add, as a popular lecturer, but I speak as one whose scientific conscience compels him to adhere closely to facts when I say that Mr. Waldron is very wrong in supposing that because he has never himself seen a so-called prehistoric animal therefore these creatures no longer exist. They are indeed as he has said, our ancestors, but they are, if I may use the expression, our contemporary ancestors, who can still be found, with all their hideous and formidable characteristics, if one has but the energy and hardihood to seek their haunts. Creatures which were supposed to be Jurassic, monsters who would hunt down and devour our largest and fiercest mammals still exist." (Cries of "Booh!" "Prove it!" "How do you know?" "Question!" "How do I know, you ask me? I know because I have visited their secret haunts. I know because I have seen some of them." (Applause, uproar and a voice, "Liar!") "Am I a liar?" (General hearty and noisy assent.) "Did I hear some one say that I was a liar? Will the person who called me a liar kindly stand up and state his name?" (A voice, "Here he is, sir!" And an inoffensive little person in spectacles, struggling violently, was held up among a group of students.) "Did you venture to call me a liar?" ("No, sir, no!" shouted the accused, and disappeared like a Jack-in-the-box.) "If any person in this hall dares to doubt my veracity I shall be glad to have a few words with him after this lecture." ("Liar!") "Who said that?" (Again the inoffensive one, plunging desperately, was elevated high in the air.) "If I come down among you"—(General chorus of "Come, love, come!" which interrupted the proceedings for some moments, while the chairman, standing up and waving both his arms, seemed to be conducting the music. The professor, with his face flushed, his nostrils dilated and his beard bristling, was now in a proper Berserk mood.) "Every great discoverer has been met with the same incredulity—the sure brand of a generation of fools. When great facts are laid before you you have not the intuition, the imagination which would lead you to understand them. You can only throw mud at the men who have risked their lives to open new fields to science. You persecute the prophets! Galileo, Darwin and I!" (Prolonged cheering and complete interruption.)

(To Be Continued.)

Germany has tripled her rifle manufacturing capacity since the war started.

Chinese revolutionists have organized a southern republic in Canton, embracing four provinces.

Col. Pasitch has been appointed commander in chief of the Serbian army.

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THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 836 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b\*

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LOUIS F. NUTTING, physical treatments by heat, electricity or manipulation. Rooms 309-310, City Savings Bank, 952 Main street. Office hours: week days 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. R 1 t\*

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IF YOU WANT FIRE Insurance. If you want your house rented. Property sold. Call on us. We want your business. Let us try. Chas. S. Cole, agent, 251 State St. U 2 a\*

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SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter E. Marsh, 122 Fairfield Ave. A 27 t\*

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Phone 389

A new treaty of alliance has been signed by Bulgaria, Turkey and Germany.

Col. Pasitch has been appointed commander in chief of the Serbian army.

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WANTED—Boy to learn the Carpenter trade. Address Postoffice Box 342. R 4 u\*

**Female Help Wanted**  
YOUNG LADIES, 16 to 23, education 8th grade grammar school or equivalent, to learn telephone operating. Dollar a day for 4 weeks. Rapid advancement thereafter. Permanent positions. Apply at 184 Fairfield avenue. Ask for Miss Wheeler, The Southern New England Telephone Co. R 8 d\*

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FOR SALE—A business wagon, horse and harness. A bargain if sold at once. Address Box E. O. 3, this office. R 9 b\*p

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FARM, 18 acres and also a 11 room house in Fairfield for sale or to rent. Inquire of Richard Lombard, 980 Railroad Ave. R 8 d\*

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CORNS removed, 50 cents; bunions 50 cents; callouses 50 cents; ingrowing nails 50 cents. Dr. Mansfield, 1107 Main street over Dillon's. D 18 d\*

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